

53?

# CROSS WIRES

WITNESS THE INSANITY:  
CRITICISM OF MUSIC?!

~3.5/5  
Mental  
Health  
Stars!!

+ SECRET SHAME!

+Humble opinions?

QUALITY  
MATTERS

WILL THEY climb up the same obstacle  
again?

MASS-REPRODUCTION RETROSPECTIVE  
reproduction, reproduction, reproduction

It's **DONE!**



## Stage One

Prepare the body. Sleep, wake, stretches, bare minimum cardio activation. Etc.

## Stage Two

Try to remember the core reason and thought process behind the task.

## Stage Three

STOP TRYING SO HARD. Surrender to faith – or not knowing/deeper knowledge.

## Stage Zero point five

Read, sit and think, look at things, look inside yourself, talk to people. Experience conflict or potential connection between self and other (or others and others, if you're busybody) necessitating expressive outlet.

## Stage Zero

Be born.

## THE GREAT UNKNOWN (FICTION)

Here I am launching into the great unknown of a blank page again. Watch the tumbleweed go down the street and feel anxious for no reason.

I will pretend this is a typewriter, so I will have to think a bit more before I type.

Long pause.

The typewriter mimics reality more in that it costs to make a mistake. I have to pause and search my soul for the right moves to make. Any could destroy this piece of paper.

It is my confidence and your confidence at stake.

I have not made any mistakes yet. The page and I are staring each other down.

There is the option to tear this up or to write nonsense. There's the quit button, but there's not much going on in this town.

There is already nonsense. It would not be good for there to be more nonsense, though. Not much more, I am tempted to write.

Writing more nonsense, just to test the nonsense. To see if the previous nonsense was like the worst nonsense, or was nonsense at all. To try to forget the nonsense.

Now stop that. You can always start again and find your ebearings. Look, I made a mistake.

## MASS DISTRIBUTION OPPORTUNITY

It has come to our attention here at Crossed Wires that friends at SOOT ZINE has proposed to include an issue of ours inside their own bigger, more organised publication to be distributed at DUMB DUMB.

This merged interests opportunity has created a great frenzy at the office. The approaching deadline means that conventional working hours are shot out the window, because business means business?



*Illustration 1:  
Repetition/reproduction/distribution*

## THE TRUTH

The truth is that this zine isn't very good. The reason I suppose that people like it anyway is that there is a fierce perfectionism behind these words



that is frustrated by the inability of current words, aesthetics, symbols etc. to convey it. what it is to be a healthy human'. This is not the limit, though.

This perfectionism isn't really perfectionism. Perfectionism is a nasty word. It's critical, ungraceful. Perfection has perfect grace. No punk zine is going to convey perfect grace. No pretending that my thoughts are not critical, rebellious, um, stinky, dorky, self-forgiving in equal amounts self-loathing.

## PHLEGM 7

Glen's phlegm

Glen does not really want to talk about phlegm, but in the interests of public health awareness, here are seven points about PHLEGM.

1. Took a big bite out of a ginger root.
2. It's just from diet and bad nutrition
3. Also hearing the word Flangipanis exasperates it
4. He had a berocca  
Here I took one of many breaks. As we have a liberal workspace. "Three more points, Glen."
5. No I will never talk about Phlegm! It's awful, there are much better things to write about.
6. Phlegm makes it hard to sing
7. Why can't I just eat Dominos? It's cheap, and it tastes good to me! I want to be able to eat Dominos, and I want to sing about it

## ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

The raw materials of computers, paper, buildings, brains can logically be reformulated into things that are better than what currently exists.

The limits of wood, paper, instruments, ink, ideas, cameras and so on have not reached their limits. My subjective potential to overcome the ideas, habits and emotional states reinforced by the current buildings, digital infrastructure, infrastructure and academic and media tropes has not reached its limits either.

A lot of the time I am just about psychologically submerged in the trash, in the conservative complacency, in the mainstream-alternative complacency, in my own head. This is 'research'. "Understanding the people". 'Understanding

Right now I'm coming to terms with not really having a righteous, fresh progressive position that immediately comes to mind to make this zine more exciting. I've been looking after myself more than I've been dwelling on the miseries and prides of the marginal or finding new cultural things that particularly excite me.

I glance at this flag down the street often, just sitting there etched in the landscape that didn't have its architecture and street designed by thinking what it stands for. Immobile, monochrome, banal – reminds me of my own feeling of stasis lately.



I've had the work-horse blinders on. I'm interested in placid leisure. Beaches, flowers. I might even stop dressing like a queer. I'm not my highest self, though. Haven't filled those gaps in society, in journalism, in culture, and all that, that definitely exist. The gaps exist inside of me. Teenagers might someday recognise this as inauthentic adult living and perhaps be suspicious of me. I can't get TOO lazy.

In reality, you don't have to feel like you're on the cutting edge of cultural and social change. Like, calm down and accept who you are. Then you might be able to think clearly and have proper conversations with people.

## THE PRESENT IS ALREADY OUT OF DATE

I just wanted to write that. Sounds koool

## **SOLUTION FOR ALL SOCIETY**

Figure out what are reasonable things for us all to want and delegate tasks to each person to make those things exist. It's simple.

## **QUALITY CONTROL**

The Crossez Wrieres quality control department notifies that the level of humour inside these zines have decreased by some percentage since the zin'es conception in 2016.

Crossz Whyries assures that negotiations are underway between aanalytical teams, bs departments and ethics comitees.

A workplace mental health and safety review is also underway.

## **ADVICE FOR YOUNGER ME**

Don't assume other people set some kind of benchmark for social adequacy because you've been isolated, diagnosed or treated as weird. Everyone is socially retarded in their own way, especially people you are hanging around who are most likely drunk and/or on drugs. Conflict and difference is necessary for authentic relationship. You can say or do whatever you want. Just help out the people who might look up to you, have trouble expressing themselves or don't believe in themselves. Otherwise they may end up realising that you're lame when they grow up or go through depression. Anyhow don't worry too much.

## **THE LUXURY TO BE CRITICAL**

The luxury for society to evolve and to criticise itself without falling apart – is that falling apart? 20<sup>th</sup> century counter-culture was very critical. I could indulge in criticism against work or popoular leisure without falling apart. I could enjoy the criticism. Can we still enjoy complaining? Have we got the dreams or are we just trying to survive basically?

## **THE SACRIFICE**

To write is usually a sacrifice. To make anything other than food and things we need to live is

sacrifice. It is idolatry, if it is not for the good of all. By 'all' I mean down to the very last, least life there is.

Can't please everyone though, I mean. Got to sort wheat from the chaff – and some who are last will be first, some first will be last. All my toil won't be exempt. My weeds grow with my grains. Impossible to be perfect.

## **RETROSPECTIVE**



*Illustration 2: It's not what it looks like noo*

*edit: TBH I am NOT ashamed of JP, sorry JP*

Last time I wrote for soot zine, I was nearing clinical insanity.

I have worked on my sanity, taking care of myself, repairing brain, eating good, enriching relationships, watching good films, walking lots, not being as pretentious/sycophantic, and so on to feel stable enough not to need to save anybody else or prove anything to anyone by stressing about writing shit.

It has almost been a year and I had found peace and stability in quiet conversations, hugs, good food, quietness, reading the bible and watching

buddhists, counsellors, opinionators and psychologists speak on youtube.

I have now almost recovered from that dull sanity and become re-integrated into the creative community.

Only, I have too much sanity (though weighed with melancholy) inside of me to reproduce that frenzied, funny, whatever it was that became popular and made me feel as though I had a purpose putting me alongside important artist and writers.

In other words, I was (in part) a pretentious, vain person trying to prove to pretentious insecure men and a harsh world, that I had something to say.

Maybe I have simply doubled down on the pretentiousness by pretending that I am perhaps too cool, or too warm and sane and cosy, even for this endeavour of writing?

I do care, it just doesnt have that same youthful, proud, anxious spirit to it. I don't like to give too much of myself. Who knows, though?

## **MUSIC LIES AND FANTASIES?**

Music creates impressions and imaginations of things that don't exist. This can make you stupider.

It can also make you think about things more, to expand your mind, and create new allegiances in mind, body and spirit. This can make you smarter, or stupider.

Who knows..



*Illustration 3: Reading Lester Bangs as a correct student of music-related writing*

**THANK YOU XOX**

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